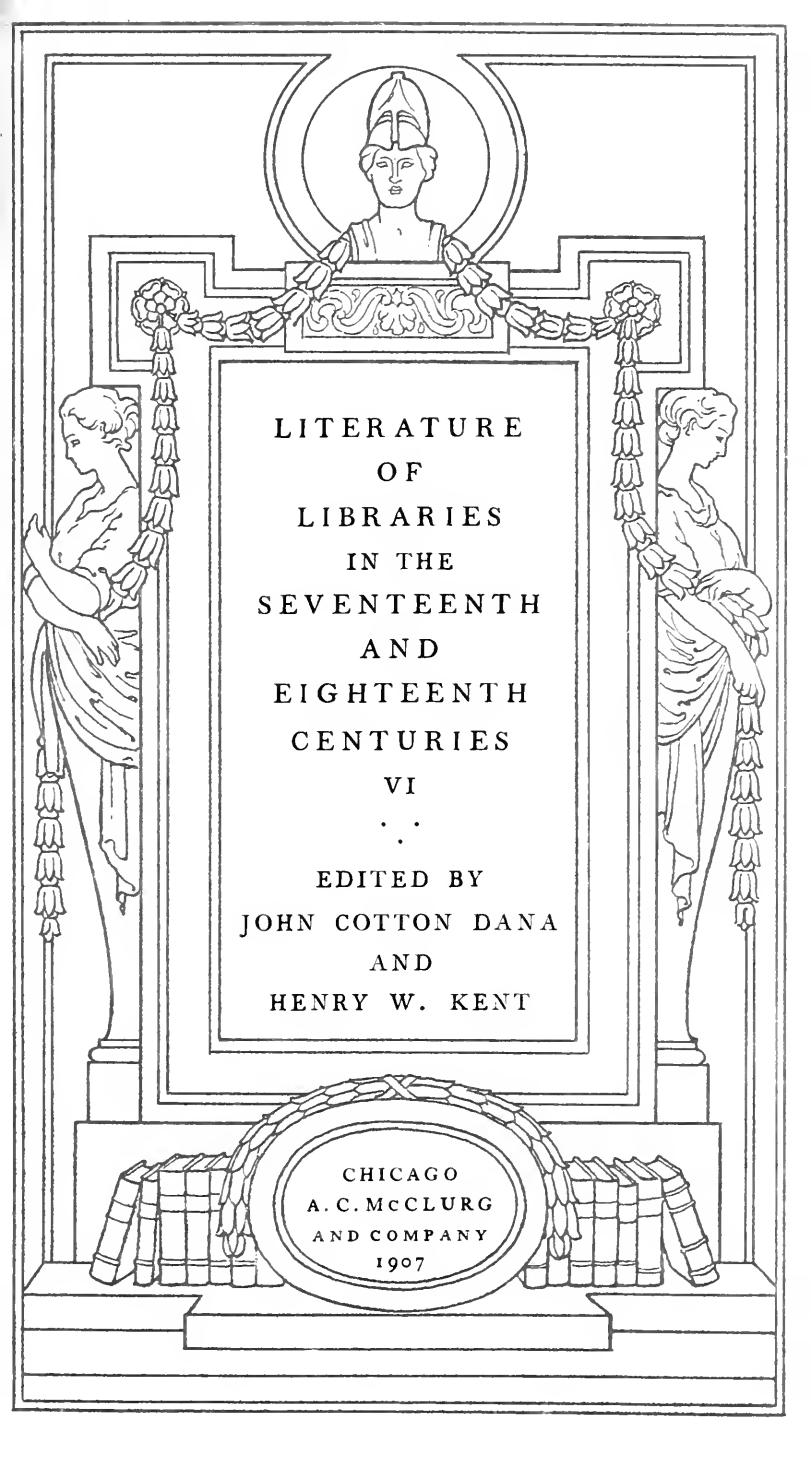

LITERATURE OF LIBRARIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

VI

EDITED BY

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CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG
AND COMPANY
1907

TWO TRACTS WRITTEN BY GABRIEL NAUDÉ

An Edition of two hundred and fifty copies in this form and one of twenty-five copies on Large Paper were printed at The Merrymount Press, Boston, in May, 1907

NEWS FROM FRANCE

OR

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LIBRARY OF CARDINAL MAZARIN

PRECEDED BY

THE SURRENDER OF THE LIBRARY

(NOW NEWLY TRANSLATED)

* * *

TWO TRACTS WRITTEN

BY

GABRIEL NAUDÉ

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MDCCCCVII

PUBLISHED, JUNE 1, 1907

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

GABRIEL NAUDÉ

1600–1653

THE sixteenth century had scarcely died," says Sainte-Beuve, "when Naudé came into the world. It is difficult to imagine what this strong, prolific epoch must have appeared to those who sprang from it, to those who inherited its wealth, and to whom it must have seemed, in very truth, the greatest and the last. . . . Such a wealth of discoveries coming in such rapid succession: cannon, printing, clocks, a new continent, the starry heaven yielding up the secrets of its wonderful system to the observation of a

Tycho Brahe and to the telescope of a Galileo,—that was the wealth which Naudé, young and hungering after all knowledge, first beheld, and then, with Bacon, glorified. One loves to hear him proclaiming 'the delights of our last century.' . . . The result of all this effervescence on the calm, judicious, and critical minds of the one which followed—imbibing it, as they did, through their reading—was, naturally, a strong tendency to doubt,—at least, to moral and philosophical doubt; and this it was that the sixteenth century at its close engendered. All had been said, thought, dreamed; ideas and researches had been expressed in

every manner of style. What, therefore, remained to be done?"

Hence we find at the beginning of the seventeenth century in France a school in a transition stage, "half believing and half sceptical, half literary and half savant; which has been forgotten," says Labitte, in his *Precursory Writers of the Age of Louis XIV*, "because it grazed all parties without belonging to any one of them, and because, while it has written much, it has left nothing in relief, nothing that can be called monumental." The writers of this school, however, though disdained and eclipsed by their great successors of the era of Louis XIV,

were the pioneers who at a difficult period "bridged over the transition stage between two epochs of art," and their place in literature is not a mean one.

There were two distinct groups of writers belonging to the period. First, there were the writers of the court, "heedless, concerning themselves but little with religion, and busying themselves more with a good dinner, or with a well turned madrigal, than with the problem of human destiny." The second group was made up of the philosophical spirits of deep learning, men who lived obscurely in the silence of the libraries, a small circle of critical thinkers, "the last of the

Gaulois," says Labitte, "who, while living in the seventeenth century, belonged in many respects to the sixteenth."

Foremost in this second group stands Gabriel Naudé, who, in spite of his intense love for books, was no mere bookworm. "A moralizing sceptic wearing the mask of an erudite" is what Sainte-Beuve calls him. Naudé was born in Paris in February, 1600. We are told that his parents were honest people, probably small shopkeepers, who, early recognizing his bookish tendencies, made all efforts to give their son an education.

Too much influenced by the writings of Charron and Mon-

taigne to study theology, as he was advised, he chose the profession of medicine, beginning with his studies his lifelong friendship with Guy Patin, a fellow student. Gaining some fame when only twenty years old by a treatise on libels, he attracted the attention of President de Mesmes, who appointed him his librarian—a post which he resigned in 1626 to continue his medical studies at Padua.

Returning to Paris two years later, he was chosen by the medical faculty to deliver a panegyric on the medical school, a task which brought him much glory. He had already written his amusing treatise against the

Rosicrucians (1623), as a little distraction in the midst of his more important work, and had produced his first really ambitious book, his *Apology for Great Men falsely accused of Magic* (1625). The subject of the latter, strange as it seems to-day, was a burning one at a time when the greatest minds among the ancients were not free from the reproach of magic. It is in this work that we first notice markedly the frequent use of quotation, the wealth of classical allusion, the seeking in history for political comparisons, which became most characteristic of Naudé's writings.

With the *Apology* he began

to acquire a broader reputation, and to increase his circle of friends. He had a little country house at Gentilly, and there he gathered about him the most philosophical and critical spirits of the age, in those *réunions* that have since become famous. Gassendi, whose *Exercitationes* against Aristotle had made him distinguished, and the caustic Guy Patin were perhaps the most remarkable among the frequenters of Naudé's hearth at Gentilly.

It was when he was only twenty-six years old, and still librarian to President de Mesmes, that he wrote, in gratitude to his patron, the book which of all

his creations must have been the dearest to Gabriel Naudé's heart,—the *Avis pour Dresser une Bibliothèque*, first published in 1627; a second edition appeared in 1644, and others in 1646 and 1668. In 1661 John Evelyn translated it into English under the title, *Instructions concerning Erecting of a Library*, and in 1703 it was rendered into Latin. In this little book is embodied Naudé's great passion, the prime affection of his life. "What he succeeded after many years in putting into execution under Cardinal Mazarin," says Sainte-Beuve, "he planned while young under President de Mesmes. It was the prelude of his great in-

stitution, his great masterpiece, his great creation."

Late in 1630 Naudé, wishing to travel, gained an introduction to the papal nuncio, Cardinal de Bagni, and accompanied him on his return to Rome as his librarian and secretary. Three years later he took the degree of M.D. at Padua, and was made Physician to Louis XIII, an honorary title only.

On the death of his patron, Naudé remained in Rome as librarian to Cardinal Barberini. His twelve years' sojourn in Rome, while placing him in the midst of a society which knew how to value his abilities, and increasing his remarkable insight

into the workings of the human mind, had an injurious effect upon Naudé's character. "Forced to bend at every instant his doubting spirit and his philosophical mind, in a country where there was no medium between faith and incredulity, . . . Naudé was constrained to habituate himself to an hypocrisy of opinions unbefitting his character," writes Labitte.

Of the many works produced at Rome, for the most part written for particular occasions or to gratify a benefactor, only one is read to-day to any extent, and that has left a sad blot on the author's memory: it is his *Political Considerations upon Coups d'État*

(1639), with its justification of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.* Despising the masses, believing that monarchy should be absolute, and that the end justifies the means, Naudé expressed in this book detestable theories which it is hard to forgive, even if we accept his statement in the preface that the edition was limited to twelve copies, the book being printed "out of obedience, for the satisfaction of the Cardinal de Bagni, who reads with pleasure only from the printed book,"—a state-

* *See Apologie pour Gabriel Naudé, by Charles Nodier* (*in his Mélanges tirés d'une petite Bibliothèque, Paris*, 1829, *chap.* 24).

ment which has given rise to a famous bibliographical quarrel. It was during his stay in Rome, that Naudé entered upon the wearying controversy over the authorship of *De Imitatione Christi*, and it was while there that he espoused the cause of Campanella.

But it is not for all these things that we love to remember Gabriel Naudé. The real work of his life was to come. Recalled to Paris by Cardinal Richelieu to become his librarian, he hastened to accept the post, and on the death of the great Cardinal he received the same office from his successor. This was in 1642, and the next ten years must have been the happiest of Naudé's

life. "Gormandizer of books" that he was, we can imagine the relish with which he rummaged the little old bookstores of Paris. His intimate friend, Vittorio dé Rossi, from whom we have many a choice bit of seventeenth century gossip, writes to the papal nuncio in Germany that if he should see "our Naudé" coming out of a bookseller's shop he would be convulsed with laughter at the figure the book-hunter cut, covered with cobwebs and dust, from which it would seem that nothing ever could free him.

Loving books keenly himself, and determined that his library should surpass that of his great predecessor, Mazarin shared the

zeal of his librarian. His generals abroad were charged to be on the lookout for choice volumes, and rulers and envoys knew that the gift of a rare book or an ancient manuscript was a powerful ally in gaining the favour of the great Cardinal.

Much has been said of Naudé's system of buying books. His plan was to take them in the gross by weight, not stopping to examine volume by volume. He disposed of the duplicates afterwards, often buying them for his own library, which was of considerable size and value. Rossi, describing his descent upon a bookshop, says that often, seeing a large accumulation of books,

he would demand the price of the lot, sometimes insisting on measuring the pile by the yard; that, after much dickering, he would usually get his own way, and often find that he had bought valuable books for less than he would have paid for pears or lemons. The poor shopkeepers usually suffered by these bargains, but Naudé never seems to have had any compunction on that score.

The famous three hundred and fifty folio volumes of manuscripts of Loménie de Brienne, bound by Le Gascon in flesh-coloured morocco, though obtained by questionable means, made a wonderful foundation for the

manuscript collection, while the purchase of the library of the bibliophile, Canon Descordes, provided six thousand well chosen printed books, largely on history and theology, already catalogued by Naudé.

In September, 1643, the books were ready for removal to the newly purchased Hôtel Tubeuf, about to be made famous by the treasures that Mazarin collected there. At the end of October the moving was completed, and every detail of the furnishing had been provided for. Naudé's manuscript accounts, still preserved in the library, show that even twine and a broom had been remembered. Twelve thousand

printed volumes and four hundred manuscripts were ready for use. The doors were thrown open, and on every Thursday, from eight till eleven and from two until five, the people were admitted freely to this the first public library in France. "It shall be open to all the world without excluding a living human soul," is Naudé's cry.

The only earlier public libraries in Europe were the Bodleian at Oxford, opened in 1603, the Angélique at Rome (1604), and the Ambrosian at Milan (1609).

The collection grew rapidly, and the resources of Paris being exhausted, Mazarin despatched

Naudé on his famous journeys through France, to Italy,—where the shops, according to Rossi, seemed devastated after he had passed as though by a whirlwind,—to Germany, and to England. Naudé undertook with joy the fatigues and perils of the way, for were they not to bring more renown to this "well-beloved daughter" of his heart?

Before very long the number of volumes was increased to forty thousand, many of them in elaborate bindings and bearing the arms of the Cardinal. It had been found necessary to give the library more room, and during the changes Naudé, mindful of the natural timidity of many men

of letters, and their unusedness to the surrounding splendour, had prevailed upon Mazarin to build a modest door which should admit them directly to the library, and was about to place over it an invitation in letters of gold, which should be plain to the most humble and embarrassed scholar.*

But the troubles of the Fronde began. Mazarin was forced to leave Paris, Parliament seized his possessions, and the sale of the books and manuscripts was threatened. It was at this point that the friendly Tubeuf attempted to save the library by seizing it himself as surety for

* *See pp.* 69, 70.

what Cardinal Mazarin owed him, and Naudé was called upon to deliver to him the keys. Nothing can exceed the simple pathos of Naudé's description of that sad task, a translation of which is given here. The small quarto of four pages, without a title, as it originally appeared, is extremely rare to-day.*

The reprieve was short, for eleven months later Parliament put a price on Mazarin's head, and ordered the sale of the library. Picture poor Naudé's distress! Only one resource was left him, to bend his pride and pray to the Parliament, which

* *See Surrender of Cardinal Mazarin's Library, pp.* 41–55.

he despised and hated, in behalf of this, "the work of his hands, the miracle of his life, his daughter." The eloquent appeal appeared in both French and English in 1652, and was translated into German two years later.* But the sale continued, and when Naudé realized that he must yield to the inevitable, he went about saving what he could from the disaster, buying the books on medicine himself, though he could ill afford to do so.

When the civil wars were over and Mazarin returned in triumph to Paris, one of his first cares was the reconstruction of the library.

*See *News from France*, *pp.* 61–75.

Naudé, meantime, unwilling to witness further the dispersion of his beloved collection, had fled from Paris and accepted the post of librarian to Queen Christina of Sweden. But nothing could keep him in Stockholm when he heard of Mazarin's determination, and he set out joyfully for Paris. The climate of Sweden, however, had been injurious to his health, already undermined by grief, it is said, and he could not endure the journey. He died at Abbeville on July 29, 1653; and one writer asserts that shortly before his death he received the Sacrament. His loss was felt throughout the literary world, and he was deeply mourned by

his friends. "I weep for him day and night," wrote Guy Patin in his *Letters*. Père Louis Jacob, another friend, gathered together the eulogies pronounced upon him in a volume commonly called *Tumulus Naudaei*, a witness to the warm affection and admiration which he inspired.

Naudé never married. His passion for books seems to have filled his heart to the exclusion of all others. "I cannot make up my mind to marry," we find him saying in *Naudaeana et Patiniana;* "that manner of life is too thorny and difficult for a man who loves study." His tastes were simple and modest, except in the matter of buying

books, and his habits abstemious. "Naudé lived a true philosopher," writes Cottelet, "having no ambitions other than to serve his master. His sobriety has become a proverb, and he showed himself deeply attached to Mazarin, who, in recompense for all his services, granted him only two small benefices, bringing a revenue of twelve hundred livres." Of his personal appearance we can judge through the portraits which have fortunately come down to us. "His expressive countenance affords the best index of his ardent mind," says Dr. Dibdin.

The chief literary production of the latter part of Naudé's life

—his greatest work, indeed—is his famous defence of his master against the attacks made upon him in the *Mazarinades*—the *Judgment of all that has been written against Cardinal Mazarin*, better known under the name of *Mascurat*. The quaint humour, the strong criticisms, and the frankness and ease of manner which characterize it show the author in a new light, and go far to make us forget the views of the *Coups d'État*.

By his will the medical books which Naudé had bought at the sale of the collection were returned to Cardinal Mazarin, who purchased the rest of Naudé's library, so that nearly all his

books are now in the Mazarin Library, many of them bearing the signature of the first librarian.

When it was known that the work of reconstruction had begun, Queen Christina returned all the manuscripts which she had bought, and others followed her example. In 1660 a large proportion of the losses had been recovered. The following year saw the death of the Cardinal, whose will provided for the founding of the *Collège de Quatre Nations* (commonly known by Mazarin's name), to which the library should be attached, but nearly thirty years elapsed before the books were

moved to their new home. The library was under the direction of the Sorbonne from 1688 to 1791; but since the Revolution it has been controlled by the state. Among its celebrated administrators may be mentioned MM. Petit-Radel, de Sacy, and Sainte-Beuve. For more than twenty years, until his resignation a few months since, the Mazarin's librarian has been the eminent bibliophile, M. Alfred Franklin, to whose history of the library we are indebted for most of the facts mentioned here. It is he who writes of Naudé as "above all the creator of our beautiful and beloved Mazarin Library."

It is fitting that one of the halls

of the Mazarin Library to-day bears the name of Gabriel Naudé, name dear to librarians, and his bust in marble has been placed in the midst of the collection to which he devoted so much loving care.

The following tribute is paid to Naudé by M. Albert de la Fizelière in his edition of *Rymaille sur les plus célèbres Bibliolières de Paris en* 1649:

"As long as there are in France men devoted to literature and to a discriminating love of books, Gabriel Naudé will remain the type of the model librarian. It is true that there were bibliophiles and bibliographers before his day, but the science of books had

not been coördinated. He was the first to set a proper standard for it, and, thanks to his encyclopaedic knowledge, he was able to make it take its place beside the science and letters of the seventeenth century on their lofty eminence."

One wonders when, in his short and busy life, Naudé found time to write so many books. Including the works which he edited, nearly one hundred pieces have been attributed to him, the subjects showing the scope and variety of his learning.

RUTH SHEPARD GRANNISS

New York, September 1, 1906

SURRENDER OF THE LIBRARY OF CARDINAL MAZARIN

The following was translated by Miss Victoria Richmond, of the Newark Free Public Library, and Mr. John Cotton Dana, from Histoire de la Bibliothèque Mazarine par Alfred Franklin. Deuxième édition. Paris, 1901. This is the first publication of an English translation.

SURRENDER OF THE LIBRARY OF CARDINAL MAZARIN

We reproduce, in its entirety, this curious document, a copy of which it is now almost impossible to find. The original is a quarto of four pages and bears no title. The title which we give it is taken from the catalogue of all the works of Gabriel Naudé, published by L. Jacob at the end of the Tumulus Naudaei.

TO-DAY, February 14th, 1651, a certain Mathieu, attendant in waiting at the palace of Monsignor the Most Eminent Cardinal Mazarin, came to my lodgings in the court of the Abbey of St. Geneviève to inform me that Monsieur Tubeuf, president of the Chamber of Ac-

counts, had asked for me on the evening of the preceding day, and had given orders that I be told to go to him as early in the morning as possible.

I went, accordingly, at eight o'clock, to the house of the said Sieur Tubeuf, at the rear of the Palais-Royal, near the knoll of St. Roch. Having learned from the porter that the said Sieur had not yet risen, I proceeded to the palace of Monsignor the Cardinal, my master, where a man named Annet, attendant of the wardrobe, told me that Monsieur Tubeuf had taken possession of the palace and of all that was contained therein as security for the sum of six hundred and eighty thousand livres which was

owed him by His Eminence, and that he had sent for me to get for him the keys of the library. This obliged me to go to the Palais-Royal in order to learn from Monsieur Euzenat, steward of the house of the said Seigneur [Mazarin], what I must do under the circumstances. The said Sieur Euzenat told me that Monsieur Tubeuf had come on the previous day to speak with him in his room in the Palais-Royal, and had begged him to approve of the above-mentioned seizure, that the money due him might be assured to him.

Sieur Euzenat replied to this, so he told me, that he well knew that His Eminence would never allow anyone to suffer any loss,

and him (Tubeuf), even less than any other; and that he could proceed in the affair in whatever manner seemed to him most helpful or needful for his security. Sieur Tubeuf then begged him to come and make formal acknowledgement of the seizure of the property at the palace of His Eminence. But Sieur Euzenat excused himself on the plea that he had business with Monsieur de Massac, who was present, which would make it impossible for him to go; adding, however, that he would send Monsieur le Normand, to whom the property could be delivered. He told me also that he was all the more willing to consent to the seizure, as it might be the means of pro-

tecting the palace and the little that still remained in it from the fury and violence of the people, if, by chance, they were inclined to make any disturbance in case the King left Paris, or for any other reasons which it would be difficult either to foresee or to avoid. Moreover, he said, he could not see how I could object to having the library treated like the rest of the palace, since, in any case, the said Sieur Tubeuf was legally entitled to attach it. Also, he added that, as he (Tubeuf) was a good friend of our master, it was wiser to deal with him civilly than with any rudeness or show of force.

After this I returned to the Mazarin palace and found there

Monsieur Tubeuf, who was accompanied by an attorney named Blanc, a bailiff named Barbault, who was making an inventory of everything in the palace that belonged to His Eminence, and by Monsieur Petit, an old servant of Sieur Tubeuf, who carefully locked each room after it had been visited, and retained the keys. He told me, as soon as we met, that he sent for me to get from me the keys of the library, since he had taken possession of the palace and everything it contained. I replied, that I would give them to him more willingly than to any other man in the world, in view of the good friendship he had always shown toward Monsignor the Cardinal;

that the latter would favourably remember him, in case it pleased God to recall him to Paris; that if he did not return, I believed, nevertheless, that friendly relations would always exist between them; and that I was sure that he, Monsieur Tubeuf, would do nothing in this affair that would in any way displease him.

I then led him to the large hall where the small wing joins the main building, opened it for him, and, after having shown him that it was full from top to bottom with books on civil law and philosophy in folio, and of books of theology in quarto, I closed the door and locked it fast with a double turn, and delivered the key, by order of the said Sieur

Tubeuf, to the said Sieur Petit.

From there I led him to the first mezzanine floor of the three large rooms which are on a level with the wardrobe, and, after having called his attention to the fact that it was entirely filled with books on medicine, chemistry, and natural history, in volumes of all sizes, showing him also that many were piled on the floor for lack of room on the shelves, I closed the door and locked it fast with a double turn, and gave the key to the said Sieur Petit.

Then I took the said Sieur Tubeuf to the second mezzanine floor, full of Bibles in all languages; to wit, Greek, Hebrew, and other Oriental tongues, Lat-

in,—in old and recent editions,—French, Italian, Spanish, German, Flemish, English, Dutch, Polish, Hungarian, Swedish, Finnish, Welsh, Hibernian, and Rutenian, together with other manuscripts to the number of about two hundred, and commentaries on the Bible in volumes of all sizes; and having closed and locked that room fast with a double turn, I gave the key to the gentleman already named.

Then I showed him the third mezzanine floor, full of books in manuscript, Hebrew, Syriac, Samaritan, Ethiopian, Arabic, Greek, Spanish, Provençal, Italian, and Latin as varied in their subjects as they were in their forms. And having locked it fast

and delivered the key as before, I led him up to the main library, and opened for him the first room, which is very high and filled from floor to ceiling with books on canon law, politics, and other miscellaneous subjects.

Passing from this first room to the second, I showed him that it was full, like the first, of Lutheran, Calvinistic, Socinian, and other heretical books in all languages, with many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian, Ethiopian, and Oriental books of all sorts, and that here also many had been piled on the floor for lack of room on the shelves.

Finally I led him to the two rooms in the large gallery, each about fifty or sixty feet long,

where was all the history, ecclesiastic and profane, universal and special, of every nation; the three hundred and fifty volumes of manuscripts in folio, bound in flesh-coloured morocco, collected by Monsieur de Loménie; books on mathematics to the number of about thirty-five hundred volumes; the Fathers, Scholastics, controversies, sermons, books of the Louvre press, and almost all of the humanities; together with more books piled on the floors than could be contained in three rooms of a like size, and many large volumes of charts, prints, travels, voyages, tariffs, etc.

Then I showed him how the door on the side toward the ter-

race was locked fast and firmly secured with bolts extending across it above and below. And then, having brought him out of the said gallery and the two rooms just mentioned, which are joined to the gallery by the door on the level with the wardrobe by which he entered, I closed and locked it fast with a double turn, and delivered the key to the said Sieur Petit, for the fifth and the last time.

And having implored the said Sieur Tubeuf to use the utmost care to prevent as far as possible the dissipation of this the most beautiful, the best and the largest library which had ever been brought together in the world, containing, to my own know-

ledge, more than forty thousand volumes, of which more than twelve thousand were in folio, I withdrew, with tears in my eyes at the thought that the public was on the eve of being deprived of so great a treasure, and that the noble intentions of His Eminence were being so ill repaid that, instead of raising monuments to him for the many victories gained and the many cities taken through his efforts; and for having so successfully administered the affairs of France in the many storms and tempests through which she had passed; and for having so faithfully served and so vigorously defended the authority of the King and his mother, in her quality of

Regent, they talk now only of banishing him, of proscribing him, of stoning him, as though he were the sworn enemy of France.

They condemn him without any form of trial, they incite the lower classes to persecute him, they pursue his friends and servants as though they were enemies of the country, and they forget no insult they can offer to the best man in the world and the most faithful and the most devoted Minister of State France has ever had. God knows the cause of all these disorders, as well as of the factions which now embroil this kingdom, and when the enemies of the Cardinal have reached the height of their in-

iquities, He will know how to justify the innocent and punish the guilty.

G. N.

NEWS FROM FRANCE
OR
A DESCRIPTION OF THE LIBRARY
OF
CARDINAL MAZARIN
BEFORE IT WAS UTTERLY RUINED

NEWS FROM FRANCE

OR

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LIBRARY OF CARDINAL MAZARIN BEFORE IT WAS UTTERLY RUINED

SENT IN A LETTER FROM MONSIEUR G. NAUDAEUS, KEEPER OF THE PUBLICK LIBRARY

LONDON
PRINTED FOR TIMOTHY GARTHWAIT
AT THE LITTLE NORTH DOOR
OF ST. PAUL'S
1652

[*Quarto, containing six pages*]

Naudé's plea to Parliament for the preservation of the Mazarin Library appeared in French and in English in 1652, *the French title reading: Avis à Nosseigneurs de Parlement, sur la vente de la Bibliothèque de M. le Cardinal Mazarin.* (*Quarto*, 4 *pp.*) *In* 1654 *it was translated into German under the title: Vermahnung an die Parlements-Herrn in Paris über die Verkauffung der Bibliothek des Herrn Cardinalis Mazarini. It was reprinted, in* 1819, *by L. C. F. Petit-Radel, in his Recherches sur les Bibliothèques anciennes et modernes. The present rendering is from The Harleian Miscellany, London*, 1808–13, *vol.* 6, *pp.* 265–8.

TO THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS

GENTLEMEN: Since all the ordinances of your famous company are like thunderbolts, which dash in pieces each person whom they strike, and make dumb or astonish every one that sees them fall: Give me leave to tell you, yet with all respects and submissions possible, that what you thundered out on the twenty-ninth of the last, against the library of the most eminent Cardinal Mazarin, my master, hath produced those two effects, with so much force and violence, that forasmuch as concerns the said library, it is not likely it should ever recover those losses which it hath already

suffered, nor yet avoid those wherewith it is still threatened, unless by some very remarkable effect of your singular goodness and protection.

And, as for me, who cherish it as the work of my hands and the miracle of my life, I protest to you ingenuously, that, since that stroke of thunder—which was cast from the heaven of your justice upon a piece so rare, so beautiful, so excellent, and which I have by my watches and labours brought to such perfection as none can morally desire a greater—I have been so extremely astonished, that if the same cause which once made the son of Croesus, though naturally dumb, to speak, did not now un-

tie my tongue to utter some sad accents,—my last complaints, at the decease of this my daughter, as he there did, in the dangerous estate wherein he found his father,—I should remain eternally dumb. And, in truth, gentlemen, since that good son saved the life of his father, in making them know wherefore he did it, why may not I promise myself, that your benevolence and ordinary justice will save the life of this daughter, or, to speak plainer, this famous library, when I shall in few words have represented to you an abridgement of its perfections, being the most beautiful and the best furnished of any library now in the world, or that is likely, if affec-

tion do not much deceive me, ever for to be hereafter? For it is composed of more than forty thousand volumes, collected by the care of several Kings and Princes in Europe, by all the ambassadors that have set out of France these ten years, into places farthest remote from this kingdom. To tell you that I have made voyages into Flanders, Italy, England, and Germany, to bring hither whatever I could procure that was rare and excellent, is little in comparison of the cares which so many crowned heads have taken to further the laudable designs of His Eminence. It is to these illustrious cares, gentlemen, that this good city of Paris is beholden for two

hundred Bibles, which we have translated into all sorts of languages; for an history that is the most universal and the best followed of any yet ever seen; for three thousand five hundred volumes, purely and absolutely mathematical; for all the old and new editions, as well of the holy fathers, as of all other classick authors; for a company of schoolmen, such as never was the like; for lawyers of above an hundred and fifty provinces, the most strangers; above three hundred bishops concerning councils; for rituals and offices of the church, an infinite number; for the laws and foundations of all religious houses, hospitals, communities, and confraternities; for rules and

practical secrets in all arts, both liberal and mechanick; for manuscripts in all languages, and all sciences. And to put an end to a discourse which may never have one if I should particularise all the treasures which are heaped together within the compass of seven chambers, filled from top to bottom, whereof a gallery, twelve fathoms high, is reckoned but for one; it is to these illustrious royal personages, that this city of Paris, and not Paris only, but all France, and not France only, but all Europe, are indebted for a library. Wherein, if the good designs of His Eminence had succeeded as happily as they were forecast wisely, all the world should before this have

had the liberty to see and turn over, with as much leisure as benefit, all that Egypt, Persia, Greece, Italy, and all the kingdoms of Europe, have given us, that is most singular and admirable. A strange thing, gentlemen, that the best furnished lawyers were constrained to confess their want, when they saw the great collection that I had made of books, in their profession, in this rich library. That the greatest heap of volumes in physick were nothing, compared with the number of those which were here gathered in that faculty. That philosophy was here more beautiful, more flourishing, than ever it was in Greece. That Italians, Germans, Span-

iards, Englishmen, Polonians, Dutch, and other nations, found here the histories of their own nations, far more rich and better furnished than they could find in their several native countries. That Catholicks and Protestants might here try all sorts of passages in authors, and accord all manner of difficulties. And to accumulate all these perfections, to enhance them, and set them in their true lustre; is it not enough, gentlemen, to shew you assured proofs of His Eminence's intentions, that he resolved to present it to the publick and to make it a common comfort for all poor scholars, religious persons, strangers, and for whoever is learned or curious, here to find

what is necessary or fit for them? Is it not enough, gentlemen, to shew you the inscription, which should have been put upon the gate of the library, to invite the world to enter with all manner of liberty, and which should have been set up about three years ago, if wars, and domestick dissensions, had not prejudiced the good intentions of His Eminence? It is this:

LUDOVICO XIV, FELICITER IMPERANTE, ANNA AUSTRIACA, CASTRORUM MATRE AUGUSTISSIMÁ REGNUM SAPIENTER MODERANTE, JULIUS, S. R. E. CARDINALIS MASARINUS, UTRIQUE CONSILIORUM MINISTER ACCEPTISSIMUS, BIBLIOTHECAM HANC OMNIUM LINGUARUM, ARTIUM, SCIENTIARUM, LIBRIS INSTRUCTISSIMAM, URBIS SPLENDORI,

GALLIARUM ORNAMENTO, DISCIPLINARUM INCREMENTO, LUBENS, VOLENS, D. D. D. PUBLICÈ PATERE VOLUIT, CENSU PERPETUO DOTAVIT, POSTERITATI COMMENDAVIT MDCXLVIII*

Behold, Gentlemen, an inscription that may now be called an-

* *In the prosperous reign of Louis XIV, during the wise regency of Anne of Austria, most august mater castrorum, Julius Mazarin, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, a minister most pleasing to both councils, in his own good will wishing this library, so rich in books of all languages, arts, and sciences, to be an honour to the city, an ornament to France, and a promoter of knowledge, determined that it should be open to the public and, consecrating it as a gift, endowed it with permanent wealth and commended it to posterity.* 1648.

cient; for it is long since it was first spoken of; and though it contain many things, I can assure you, that His Eminence intended somewhat more in his generous design of founding a publick library in the midst of France, under the direction and protection of the prime presidents of three sovereign courts of this city, and of the lord attorney-general, persuading himself, that, by this means, so potent and venerable, posterity would perpetually enjoy a very advantageous pledge; and such as, without disparagement to the famous libraries of Rome, Milan, and Oxford, might pass, not only for the most goodly heap of books that this age can shew,

but likewise for the eighth wonder of the world.

And this being true, as I am ready to swear upon the Holy Gospels, that the intention of His Eminence was always this, as I tell you; Can you permit, gentlemen, the publick to be deprived of a thing so useful and precious? Can you endure that this fair flower, which yet spreads its odour through all the world, should wither in your hands? And can you suffer, without regret, so innocent a piece, which can never suffer but all the world will bear in a share in its loss, to receive the arrest of its condemnation from those who were appointed to honour it, and to favour it with their protection?

Consider, gentlemen, that when this loss hath been suffered, there will not be a man in the world, though he have never so much authority in publick employment, never so much zeal to learning, that will be able to repair it. Believe, if you please, that the ruin of this library will be more carefully marked in all histories and calendars, than the taking and sacking of Constantinople. And, if my ten years' toil in helping to gather such a work; if all the voyages which I have made for materials to it; if all the heavy cares that I have taken to set it in order; if the ardent zeal that I have had to preserve it to this hour, are not means sufficient to make me hope for some favour

at your singular goodness; especially at this time, when you have the same excellent occasion to shew it towards this library, which you had three years since, when, by a solemn arrest or ordinance, you resolved it should be preserved, and that I should have the keeping of it; Yet give me leave, gentlemen, to have recourse to the muses, seeing they are so far concerned in the preservation of this new Parnassus, and joining the interest they have in you, with my most humble prayers, speak to you in the same language which the Emperor Augustus used, when the question was, Whether Virgil's Aeneids should be destroyed or saved? Which, doubtless, was

not so inimitable a piece to them, as this library will be to all posterity.

— Solvetur litera dives?
Et poterunt spectare oculi, nec parcere honori
Flamma suo; dignumque operis servare decorem?
Noster Apollo veta! Musae prohibete Latinae!
Sed legum est servanda fides, suprema voluntas
Quod mandat fierique jubet, parere necesse est,
Frangatur potiùs legum veneranda potestas,
Quam tot congestos noctésque diésque labores,
Hauserit una dies, supremaque jussa senatús.

Must such a rich and learned work be dissolv'd,
Can eyes with patience see 't in flames involv'd?
Methinks the flames should spare it, sure the fire
(More merciful than men) will sav't intire.
Ah, sweet Apollo, hinder! Muses, stay
Their violence! And what though fond men say
"It is decreed; the ordinance is made;
The will of supreme power must be obey'd"?
Rather let laws be broke, let reverend power
Lie prostrate, ere't be said, that in one hour,
A work so toil'd for many years, was late
Quite ruin'd by commandment from the state.

GABRIEL NAUDAEUS, A PARISIAN

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